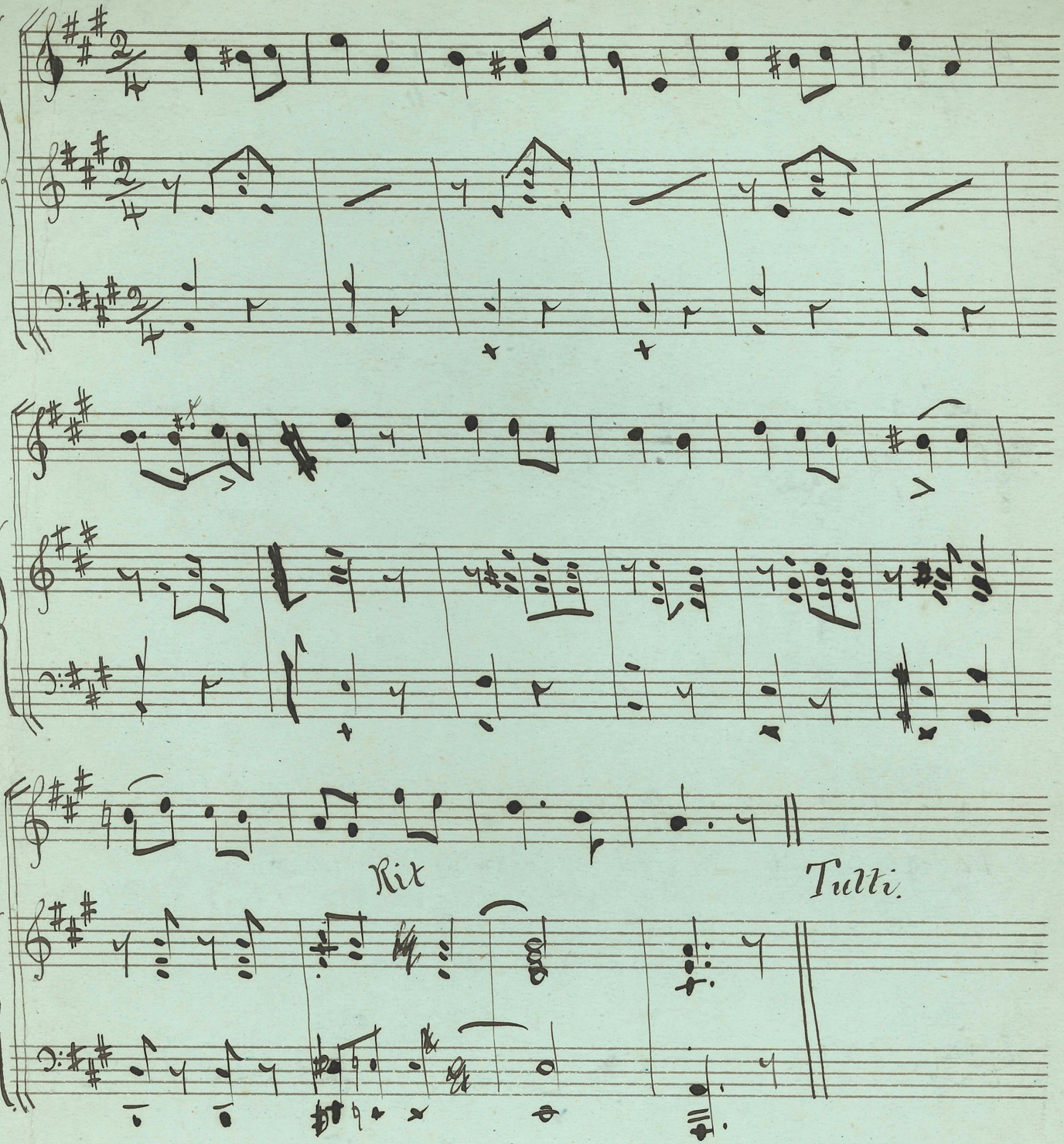
Ballad.

Voice.

Piano.

This votive pledge of fond esteem
Perhaps, dear girl! for me will prize
If page of Fox's enchanting dream
A theme we more can dispise.

Who knows it but the envious few,
The old and disappointed crowd;
Or genius of the fruitful theory,
In single sorrow doomed to fade?

When read by each with feeling eye
For thou will never be one of those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead
In justify for the faults it owes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same.